

An Insurance actuary in former days would hardly have considered a poet's a "good" life. The average actuary would have regarded the poet as a "risky" investment. Muses who thought that decent living and regular habits were inconsistent with their vocation. Byron, Keble, Musset, Poe and others, who were not without their passions and their appetites in good order. But in these later days we know that the greatest poets are the most sane and the most temperate. They are as green, as peacefully as if Joe had never wandered over the slopes of Helicon. The great Goethe grew old as comfortably as any well-to-do bourgeois, and died at the age of eighty-three. Victor Hugo, Browning at seventy was a constant diner-out, and the soul of every party in which he found himself. Keats, a morose, morbid, moribund fellow, died at twenty-eight, we are told, to learn, in excellent health. We may hope that there are many more years to be added to the tale of this noble and estimable, and rather exquisite columnist. We may place on the steadily increasing list of his